



MONTEREY NEWS

JANUARY 1992



TOWN NEWS

Highway Superintendent Don Amstead reported to the Board of Selectmen that approximately 70 logs were removed from the Konkapot River on November 15. The work was done in accordance with Department of Environmental Protection specifications by Tryon Construction Company. It was noted that the total cost for the river clean-up project, undertaken because of the danger posed by river debris in the event of flooding, has exceeded the \$5,000 allocated at town meeting.

The Selectmen have commended the town crew for the extra work they have been doing to keep the transfer station clean and operating smoothly.

Selectman Georgiana O'Connell reported on the November 15 meeting of the Berkshire County Advisory Board. The 1992 budget of approximately \$5,100,000 was passed. Peter Menard, chair of the County Commissioners, provided an update on the court case in which several Massachusetts counties are attempting to collect rent on county courthouses from the state.



The Selectmen voted that mileage expenses incurred by individuals on town business be reimbursed at the rate of \$.25 per mile. All warrants submitted for reimbursements must list the dates, times and mileage for each trip and be signed by the individual who made the trip.

The Selectmen voted that the annual permit fee for an automatic alarm system will be \$25. The bylaw regulating such alarm systems was passed at the special town meeting of November 16, 1991. The Board has also prepared a draft of the new alarm system permit application and submitted copies of Police Chief Gordon Hamm and Maynard Forbes of the Fire Company for their review.

Peter Vallianos requested the approval of the Board for a perpetual conservation restriction for approximately nine acres of property on the Carrington-Bataille Road, owned by Chris and Andrea Dunlop.

The Selectmen voted to appoint Joseph Lanoue to the Roads and Machinery Committee.

The following Board of Health permit was issued: a well permit to Dr. and Mrs. Edward Brown of Point Road. Two variances from the minimum distance requirements for well installation were granted: (1) Minimum lateral distance from the subsurface disposal field is reduced from 100 feet to 87 feet; (2) Minimum distance to property line (in this case, Lake Garfield) is reduced from 30 feet to 4 feet.

The following building permit application was approved: Hephzibah Heights on Chestnut Hill Road, for the construction of a living space/bedroom/den addition to a building shown on Map #10, Parcel 29, submitted by Dan Lewis, the builder. Also submitted was a statement of the remeasured square footage of the existing cottages, showing that they do not exceed 4% of the property area.

— Maggie Leonard



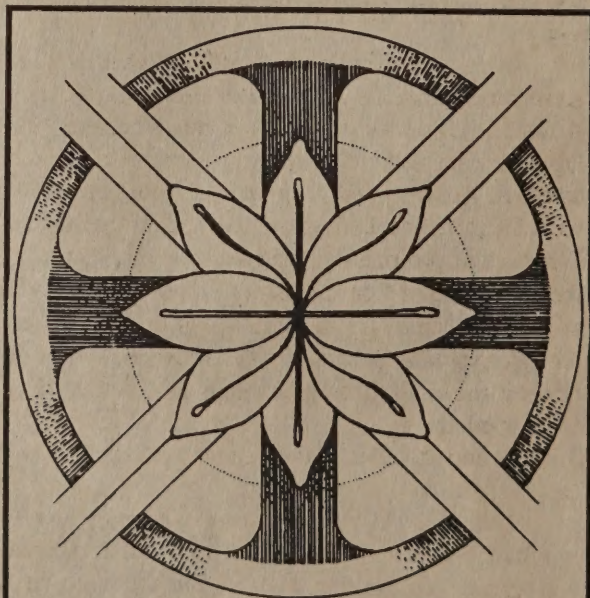
RECYCLING NOTICE

Paper recycling rules changed in September, and some people missed the new instructions. The Selectmen have mailed letters to quite a few people who slipped up. But it's a lot of expense. And besides, those envelopes are no longer recyclable!

ONLY THE FOLLOWING PAPER IS RECYCLABLE:
Newspaper (plus inserts) • Brown paper bags
Magazines/Catalogues • White letter paper
Corrugated cardboard

THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT

The Solid Waste Committee



MONTEREY
UNITED CHURCH of CHRIST

REV. CLIFF AERIE, Pastor

SUNDAY RITUAL of CELEBRATION — 10 AM
Main Road, Monterey (413) 528-5850



CHURCH NEWS AND VIEWS

Incredible! 1991 has truly been an incredible year, and many would argue that it has been memorable for its negative events — the Persian Gulf war, the civil war in Yugoslavia, the chaos within the Soviet Union, the military takeover in Haiti, and, closer to home, the Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill hearings, the increasing number of unemployed and homeless persons in our society, and the snowballing recession that is strangling our economy. Some folks have told me: "I just can't wait for this year to end; 1992 has to be better than this!"

Yes, in many ways it has been a year of doom and gloom. But just ask Terry Anderson how he's feeling right now, and you're sure to get an expansive smile and words of rejoicing. But for many others, a smile will not suffice. The painful realities of life will not go away.

It seems to me that so many of us (whether we're Americans, Russians, Arabs, Jews, Europeans, Asians, Africans, Hispanics, or whatever) have become hostages. Events and circumstances, domestic and international, have been shifting at such rapid rates that we're literally knocked off our feet and left breathless. What seems profoundly positive at one moment (e.g., the crumbling of Communism) also poses a dark side of reality (economic instability and nuclear uncertainty). No wonder so many of us feel overwhelmed reading the daily headlines. It is as if we've been kidnapped from our childhood sense of safety and security and shackled in the dungeon of hopelessness and despair.

Like many of you, the new year gives me pause to reflect on where I've been and speculation on what lies ahead. Yes, at times I have felt like a hostage, although I really wonder if I could have survived the trials of Anderson and his comrades in captivity. Maybe we can learn a lesson from their ordeal. What was it that pulled them through their moments of hopelessness? TIME magazine reports, "For Anderson, it was Bible and a photograph of his daughter Sulome.... Men with strong religious affiliations relied heavily on their spiritual muscles.... Others discovered a faith they

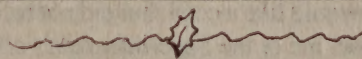
never knew they had. 'Before, I didn't believe in God, and now I do,' Frenchman Roger Auque told the...press."

Can it be that too many of us have lost touch with our spiritual center? In our sophisticated and pragmatic world, we've become preoccupied with achievements and success. Could it be that our greatest achievement, our most significant success cannot be measured by money, status or polls? Now, I know how trite it can sound to say, "let go and let God," and yet, there is something profoundly simple with that principle. Recently, in our Sunday morning ritual of worship, we've been talking about a "New Beatitude."

*Blessed are those who let go
Who, delighting in the wonder of God
Risk letting go from old ways
To explore the depths of divine creativity
And become transformed into a New Being.*

No, a smile will not erase all the painful realities of life, but a spiritual centering will create a new you — one that will allow you, not only to cope with the world, but to transform it through your compassion and caring. Do I really believe we can change the world? Not only do I think we can, but I know we have already. I believe the world is in such a state of upheaval precisely because of the positive changes that are being birthed. We are on the brink of a new era — not of perfection — but of community. Our global village is becoming awakened to a startling reality: We are all sisters and brothers. Am I being too simplistic, too naive? Perhaps, but I would rather place my trust in the abundance of our spiritual connectedness than the poverty of fragmentation. That's what we offer here in our church community, and we're eagerly looking forward to 1992. I hope you are, too.

— Cliff Aerie



GOULD FARM MONTEREY

VOLUNTEERS - Caring individuals for community mental health facility. No experience needed for various tasks, coordinate transportation, bake bread. Call T. Newton (413) 528-1804 Room and board provided.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE NEWS

Each year, the School Committee of the Southern Berkshire Regional School District schedules at least one regular meeting in each of our member towns. The January 23 meeting will be held in Monterey at 7:30 p.m. at the Monterey Kindergarten. We welcome our town officials and any other interested citizens. There will be an opportunity to discuss school choice, the 1992-93 school budget, the Odyssey program, and other issues relating to our schools. Normal School Committee business will follow.

There has been great progress with the construction of our new school building at the Mt. Everett campus, with a completion date of February 14, 1992 anticipated. On March 10, all 5-12 grade students will move into the new building (the fifth and sixth grades only temporarily), while modernization of the existing building begins on March 30. It is hoped that the 5-6 wing will be ready in September. The PreK-4 grade section is scheduled for completion in January 1993.

A dedication ceremony for the new building is being planned for April. Meanwhile, a tour of the new building is well worth your time. You can arrange for a tour by calling the administration building. Put on your hardhats and see what we have invested in for the children of our district.

The Odyssey program for grades 9-12 has been underway since September. Instead of 45-minute block classes, students now have 90 minutes for major subjects and shorter blocks for electives and special interest courses. Each student must take six intensive courses a year, three in each of two semesters. Evaluation of this major restructuring is ongoing, not only by students and teachers, but also by an evaluator from the University of Massachusetts. So far, informal reports from students and school staff are mostly favorable.

The annual report of the Southern Berkshire Regional School District for 1990-91 has been mailed out. If you would like a copy, but did not receive one, please contact me or the Superintendent's office.

— Evelyn Vallianos

THE OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF
THE BIDWELL HOUSE

WISH ALL A HAPPY, HEALTHY AND
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

MONTEREY GRANGE NEWS

Monterey Grange #291 met on December 5 for a meeting with the theme of preparing for Christmas. Members brought in articles for the cheer boxes for shut-ins.

The Grange Patrons of Husbandry will soon be 125 years old. The Monterey grange will have an observance at a later date.

The Grange met again on December 18 for our annual Christmas party for members, families and friends. Due to bad weather and the flu, attendance was poor, but those present enjoyed a variety program, a buffet supper, a gift exchange and a carol sing.

The next meeting will be January 15, for a program of Pirate Bingo, in charge of Richard Hardisty. Each member is asked to bring a wrapped gift.

— Mary Wallace

MONTEREY LIBRARY NOTES

Think Baseball

Never mind the frigid weather outside. It's time to start thinking about spring. The blooming of the daffodils and the start of the baseball season are official signs that winter has passed. Baseball fans can start thinking ahead and mark May 2 on their calendars, because that is Family Library Day at Fenway Park. The Monterey Library is participating in a special program in which the Red Sox will offer discounts on reserved grandstand or bleacher tickets for a game against the Kansas City Royals. Reserved grandstand tickets, regularly \$10, are available for \$7 each through the library. Bleacher tickets, regularly \$7, will be \$4.

This is a statewide program, and is very popular, so anyone interested will need to act fast. Choose the type of tickets you want and write a check for the appropriate amount, payable to the Red Sox. Drop your check off at the library no later than Tuesday, January 14. The Red Sox will send the tickets to the library one month before the game. If there is sufficient interest, we may charter a bus for the trip.

So, baseball fans, don't let this opportunity slip by. Get those checks to the Monterey Library as soon as possible, and plan on celebrating Library Day with the Boston Red Sox.

— Laurie Shaw

MONTEREY WILDLIFE SURVEY NEWS

Late bloomers: On November 1, red clover spotted by Eleanor Kimberley; meadow pink by David McAllester.

Sea Gulls: On Lake Garfield, off and on through the summer, reported by Mick Burns. One of them caught a good-sized fish and had a long struggle with it. Finally, the bird got just the right hold, and the fish went down in one gulp.

Ermine: Around November 25, seen on Route 23 near the Blue Hill Road junction by Louise Burns.

Turkeys coming in from the wild: First two weeks of December, around the McAllesters' bird feeder. These normally fugitive birds don't mind our walking near unless we are going directly toward them, and several times they have roosted for the night four-fifths of the way up in tall trees near the house.

Snow goose: Seen by Pat and Richard Edelstein at the shallow east end of Lake Garfield, in the early morning, November 23.

Hawk: Either a sharp-shinned or a Cooper's, seen by Pat and Richard Edelstein just off Tyringham Road, November 23. The Edelsteins also saw the same species on November 7 on Route 23 near Butternut.

VETERANS MEMORIAL COMMITTEE NEWS

At the most recent meeting of the committee, it was decided to list the names of all full- or part-time residents of Monterey who served in the armed forces during World War II, Korea, Vietnam, Grenada, Panama and the Persian Gulf wars.

We have received approximately 100 names so far. Please submit names and pertinent military information of anyone you think may be eligible so that they may also be considered. Send your information to Dean Amidon or Art Hastedt, co-chairmen of the committee.

Our next steps will be to finalize the list of names, proceed with the design and solicit contributions to the Monterey Veterans Memorial Committee.



DESIGN A SEAL CONTEST

As many readers of this newspaper know, the *Monterey News* is now incorporated as a non-profit organization. Like other corporations, we are supposed to have an official corporate seal. Our seal must include the following information: Monterey News, Inc.; Monterey, Massachusetts; 1989 (the year of our incorporation). However, there is no rule stating that our seal must include *only* that information.

Therefore, the Board of Directors of the *Monterey News* is soliciting designs for an interesting corporate seal. Please send your drawing to the *Monterey News* before March 15. The Board will choose one design and its creator will be appropriately honored. All entries will be published in the *News*.

PIANO RECITAL HELD

Students of piano teacher Katherine Reis presented a recital at the Monterey United Church of Christ on Sunday, December 8. All the participants played solo pieces, and several performed duets with their teacher.

In order of appearance, the students in the recital were: Elias Schulze, Alix Tillett, Darcy Whitten, Ashley Buxton, Amy Vincent, Rebecca Newman, Ben Sosne, Rita Lanoue, Barbara Jeanne Lanoue, Gabriel Schulze, Alison Vincent, Joseph Vilane, R.A. Vilane, Sarah DeGiorgis, Elizabeth Torsay and Arianna Aerie.

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OUR TOWN

New Year, the Congress and Community Planning

The new year is a wonderful concept. We all know when it gets here. We can make resolutions and know when we have to start to knuckle under and do (or *not* do) what we resolved. I think there are several important resolutions for us to consider for our own growth and as we work with others in our town. If we've passed our first 21 years or so, we may have built up a layer of cynicism about ourselves and others. It's easy to have prejudices about who or what is the problem in our lives or in our town. So the new year is a good time to peel away that layer of cynicism, pull off just one or two prejudices that have leached into our lives.

I'm still thinking about the subject of my column last month. Our town, like our state and our nation, is a place of many competing interests and lifestyles. On the national level, we are often cynical about the U.S. Congress, with its "all talk and no action except for the special interests." We forget how many real interests must be accommodated in the Congress, and how much talk it takes to sort out competing interests anywhere. If we want to have space for our ideas, we have to listen and think as well as talk. Just winning is not enough for people who care about democratic principles.

Our own community is much more manageable than our nation, but we still have many difficult issues to deal with, and it takes much more work than we realize to make it work right. Selectmen and assessors struggle over obscure issues that will affect others. Committee members struggle to mediate and merge ideas on a veterans memorial or cable television. Even struggling business people must consider other people and the town while making operating decisions — that is an important responsibility in a democracy. If we really want to have, for ourselves and for those who follow us, a satisfying community which is minimally spoiled by our commerce and is carefully planned and maintained by everyone together, we have to communicate all the way around. We have to praise the real work and dedication of the back rooms — people filling mail slots or negotiating difficult group action.

I'm getting to the subject of our Monterey Planning Board goals for 1992. We have a lot of current business, including the approval process of a subdivision of four lots at Stevens Lake (called Monterey Woods) which would go with the other lots around Stevens Lake which are not an official subdivision —

that's a technicality I won't get into now. At any rate, it takes more work than you might realize to consider an application like this. Another current issue is a zoning bylaw change to add a category that would allow, by special permit, sponsorship of functions like weddings as a business on private property. And we're working hard to update and improve our sign bylaw.

In addition, the Planning Board has some more ambitious goals for this year. As we tackle them, we will need to tap the potential and optimism we have among us. These goals could be tested with a detailed community survey to find some important themes that would help us plan for the future. The survey would, of course, show that much of what the town is doing is wonderful and should be praised and continued. We might find out that some current activities or structures should be changed. Some hare-brained schemes would probably be suggested and shot down. And we might discover a few ideas we would want to develop.

If you have a reaction to this idea of a community survey, please talk to me or any other member of the Planning Board (Peter Brown, Maggie Leonard, Joyce Scheffey, Bob Thieriot). We'll decide soon whether to take it on as a major project, and if we do, we'll need a lot of help.

So it's a New Year. If you're under 21, you've got some new experiences waiting. If you've seen it all, then you'll have to try a bit harder. Make it new and make it better, for yourself and for others.

— Wayne Burkhardt

Dr. Jerrold Raab DENTIST

Dr. Raab has practiced for 18 years in Great Neck, LI, Brooklyn and Manhattan, and is experienced in all phases of dentistry, including periodontal treatment, root canal therapy and oral surgery.

CONVENIENT WEEKEND HOURS

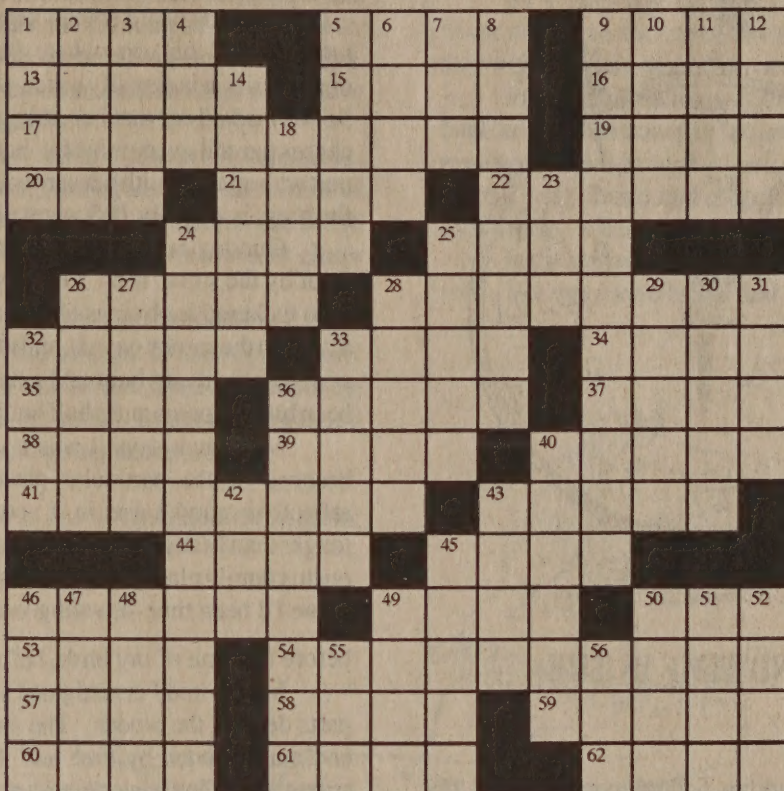
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Route 23

Monterey

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

By Ted Tchack



ACROSS

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|-------------|------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1 Certain | 20 Insect | 33 Dreadful | 40 Tablets | 54 NEW YORK |
| 5 Raise | 21 Finishes a | 34 Aspiration | 41 Farm mach- | AREA |
| 9 Bogus | cake | 35 River of | ines | 57 Pelt |
| 13 Separate | 22 Pantry | Asia | 43 Vaults | 58 Great Lake |
| 15 Common | 24 Precipitation | 36 Garments | 44 Propellers | 59 Covered a |
| suffix | 25 Sediment | 37 Pitcher | 45 Skin | wall |
| 16 Heavenly | 26 Pale | Nolan | 46 Allow | 60 Warbled |
| ring | 28 UNLIKELY | 38 Expense | 49 Identical | 61 Points |
| 17 VERBOSE | WINNER | 39 ___ de | 50 By way of | 62 Literary |
| 19 Cookie | 32 Offspring | combat | 53 Jai-___ | heroine |

DOWN

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| 1 Room in a | 9 INADEQUATE | 24 FAULT | 33 Entrances | 47 Woman's |
| casa | CARE | 25 Arranges | 36 Snorted | name |
| 2 On top of | 10 Difficult | 26 Defense | happily | 48 Pour |
| 3 Rave | 11 Protected | 27 March king | 40 Most white | 49 Pique |
| 4 Unit of work | 12 Othello, e.g | 28 Prevaricators | 42 Oriental | 50 Glen |
| 5 Make fresh | 14 Coiled | 29 Game expert | (var) | 51 Chemical |
| 6 Finishes | 18 Object of | 30 Gems | 43 Half(prefix) | endings |
| 7 Honor | worship | 31 Sawbucks | 45 Leaves | 52 Appends |
| 8 Hockey | 23 School subj | 32 Germ(abbr) | 46 Overtake | 55 Spanish gold |
| dividers | | | | 56 Landed |

Answers on page 18



DOG-YEARS AND TIME IN THE WOODS

I'm on the Sunday School committee in my church. It's a Friends Meeting, Quakers, "The Religious Society of Friends." It doesn't matter much what you call it, but if you've ever heard of Quakers, you might know they are a pretty liberal bunch with not much dogma to steer a Sunday School curriculum by. Basically, we (my committee) invent the wheel as we go along, and right now we are in the middle of a unit that was inspired by one member's Hallmark engagement calendar. It had all the holidays. We did Veterans Day, Squanto, and Hanukkah. Now we are coming up on the Solstice, and then after Christmas, Time.

Our volunteer teachers have stepped forward happily to sign up for all the slots but that last one. No one seems ready to tackle time, to teach a lesson on time in fifty minutes on a Sunday morning. I've been wanting to give it some thought, because as a committee member, I might be the one to fill in the blank. Finally, today, I found a little spare time to think about this thing.

Our kids have been talking to us about age lately. Maybe this is because they are beginning to imagine a life as something with a beginning and an end. By some coincidence, several of our friends and community members have come to the end just in the last three or

four weeks. If death is a dark end to a life of light, then this is surely the dark side of the circle in this neck of the woods, this year.

The kids heard somewhere (maybe from us — I know I heard this somewhere, long ago) that a year by our definition is actually seven years for a dog or a cat. So we worked out that our little grey cat Chutney, who chases her tail every morning before breakfast, dashes part way up trees with her ears back and her yellow eyes flashing, is actually 105 years old.

Our dog, who is at the moment passed out on the floor by the stove, is 84, in dog-years. The reason she is so tuckered is obvious. She and I have just been for a walk in the snowy woods, and though by my watch we were gone only an hour and a half, she must feel she's been hiking for ten and a half hours (and at her age, too).

My watch says it was an hour and a half, but because of the particular places we went and the reflective mood I was in, I actually was gone much longer than Mango was. I went to all the museum spots on this family place, a regular tour, and by the time I got home I'd been time-traveling in my imagination, back

before the time of my birth, before my parents' birth.

Mango and I investigated an axle and iron wheel parts deep in the woods. The spokes, though broken and much eroded by time and the elements, are still strong oak. They have strength and substance, forms of energy stored since they lived as an oak. When did that tree begin, and when was it felled? How many people-years in an oak-year?

We passed the old rusted sawblade by the brook. It has been there since I was a kid, not worth anyone's time to haul out for scrap. Sometimes it travels down the bank into the brook and gets partly covered by sand and rocks. I pull it out, or someone in my family does, not ready to give it up yet because it's part of our clock of the generations here, our historical calendar.

Down by the lake I climbed out on a bent birch that arcs over the shallow water where I swam in the sunny summers forty years ago. Sitting there, looking in a certain direction, I can't see what's changed in forty years. Me? My feet are bigger, it's true. I can see that by my tracks. I look at Mango's tracks, those of an 84-year old. They tell a lot about her recent history, just what she's been doing in the last ten minutes (make that seventy dog-minutes), but these tracks are in light snow by a windy lake. They'll be gone soon.

We head home, the museum spots coming thick and fast now, piling up like dog-years until I feel I've been through a century at least during this little walk. I remember a friend telling me that her sister, who had

just turned forty and had six children, had added up the mother-years, or child-years. They came to 82! She had put in more than twice as many mother-years as she was old. With six kids, I'll bet some of those mother-years were easily worth seven of the conventional kind. The question is, which ones, and how many, and how old is this person, really?

Speaking for myself and Mango, we are somewhere in between the beginning and the end, at least for these bodies, and that's about as close as you can call it. We might be closer to the end than we think, or closer to the beginning.

Am I ready to teach the Quaker kids about time? I guess so, but I'll have to keep out of the woods, or like Lewis Carroll's Alice and the Red Queen, I'll never get there, the day will never come. I'll have to run at full speed just to keep from going backwards.

— Bonner J. McAllester

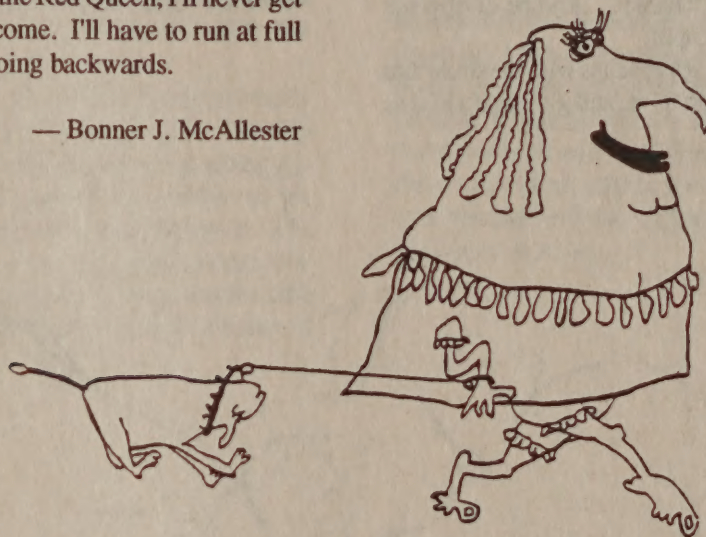
LASS

So it goes that all things must live and die, but never was there such a valiant attempt as with Lass, a cow who recently gave birth at Gould Farm.

Pained and pacing onlookers gazed on as foam bubbled from the cow's mouth, and she writhed in wild-eyed agony. After much of this, able farm men stepped in and, with chains and muscle, pulled the calf from Lass' body. It had been dead for some time.

In the stall opposite stood Amy, another pregnant cow. Her eyes were bright and expectant.

— Kathleen Rasmussen



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A LETTER HOME

Dear Mom and Dad,

For a moment the afternoon sun rests behind a cloud and returns to warm the earth. Its rays cast themselves upon my little cabin as if to say: "Welcome flowers and trees, welcome birds, and welcome Ted." This place seems like what Heaven must be. I feel like nature keeps me company here. There's magic in the air; I sense the presence of a higher being, the spirit of a God. The pale green leaves of a birch tree wave hello to me, and a robin stops, looks over to me and says: "Have you seen some food? Are you going to have four o'clock tea? Well, I really must sample a chocolate chip cookie... Beep! Beep! Thanks." And he disappears into the sky behind the cabin.

A golden retriever approaches with the smile that only a golden retriever can have, and gives me a kiss as

she circles the batch of cookies. "I wonder if you'd like to share one? Oh yes, how delightfully sweet!", she says, signaling me with her tail.

Finally, the cookies are eaten and the dog investigates the lawn for other people who could spare a cookie for a smile and a kiss.

Now the robin returns close to my chair, this time with a familiar hop, as if to say, "This is our home, just us animals and you. How was your tea? I must be going---bring cookies again tomorrow." And off he goes.

The birch trees witness our socializing, and, with a silvery sway acknowledge, "You may share the afternoon with us again tomorrow. Bring tea and cookies. God will provide the rest."

— Ted Ziner



SINGING ACORNS

We were walking across the dam of our small pond and I flung a stone to skip on the new ice. It went two or three hops with a nice zinging sound each time it hit the ice and then broke through with a *plop*! Sudi looked for another stone and found a red oak acorn instead. It went skipping and bouncing and skittering all the way across, and each time it came down, there was a high, ringing note. I scooped up a handful of acorns from our bountiful oaks, and the tintinnabulation became a confabulation of many joyful voices. Then Susan joined us in throwing handfuls, while the welkin danced above them. Just about every nut went bounding all the way across the resistless, resonant ice and up the brown-leafed bank on the other side. One acorn hit a stone and slid halfway back.

Since acorns aren't round, they bounced crazily from point to belly to back, skipping about like tiny footballs in unpredictable, constantly accelerating gyrations, the skips getting shorter and quicker as the momentum waned, every contact making music. The whole quarter-acre of ice was a sounding board, so the multiple impacts sent up sheaves of sound shimmering in multiple, simultaneous, uneven rhythms. Finally, if

you can imagine it, we got tired of this sonic delight and walked on, scuffling in the stiff, leathery leaves.

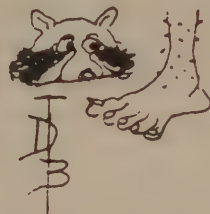
I've often experimented with stones of different weights on various thicknesses of ice and count this music one of the special gifts of the cold, before the snow lays a white muffler on land and ice. But it took Sudi, nearly seventy years younger than I in the exploration of the universe, to unlock the singing voice of acorns introduced to ice.

Now that I think of it, the acorns have other voices when they begin to tumble down in the fall. All through the woods, you can hear them striking branches in imbricated syncopations as they drop, ending in a soft thump when they hit the ground. The ones over the pond land with a resounding *plop*. Bigger or smaller branches emit different pitches on impact with various dynamics as the acorns strike a direct or glancing blow. So the *concerto divertimento percussivo* livens up the October woods, with an encore on the ice in November. Perhaps we should add another encore in December, the *costra rasparada* of the deer and turkeys as they seek the nuts for food, rasping through the crusty snow with hoof and claw.

— David P. McAllester



ABDOMINAL SNOWMAN



SOUTH WIND IN WINTER

*What wind is this that from the South
Bears destruction in its mouth,
That rams abusive passage here
Unlet the length of the hemisphere?*

*Or seems so, but a line I drop
From this blown hill due South will stop
Fetched on the hills of Hispaniola
Then stitch the ridge of the Cordillera
For a thousand miles till it might roll
In fact unlet to the nether pole
Which is the track this brawling blare
Has hammered from its nascence where,
Molded by the titanic vice
Of six-month-dark and twelve-month ice
It suckled the teat of galactic cold
Then great with ruin, massily bold,
Threw itself North — or so it seems
Enduring a night of frostbite dreams.*

*Or might it be in mad career
Boreas from his Arctic lair
Funneled past the Bering Sea?*

*Sans stop, sans bar now, wholly free
Racing down the Pacific Ocean,
Happily howling unhindered motion
He gathers speed to the World's South turning,
Hurling a pounding line unswerving
For North and home, uprooting palms
In his mid-globe path, roaring harms
To ships and farms, and avid then
To gain again his Northern den,
He batters my hill, numbs my bones,
Congeals my pipes with frozen stones,
From pine and oak tears branch or life,
And with edge as keen as assassin's knife
Slips my windows and searching finds
Two house-dwellers with half-stunned minds.*

*Two house-dwellers in grim amaze
Regard the leaping log-fire blaze,
Hear their creaking chimney shift
Hear their roofing shingles life*

*Then hinge back while the next wave gathers
And topples past as the whole house wavers
And the shingles settle in stiller air
Though the waves crowd on but less and less
Till two house-dwellers at the other stare
Of a sudden aware of quietness.*

— Jim Michelman

REST FALLOW HEART

*Rest fallow, Heart, though in cold you're grieving.
The winter dark is long and does not yield.
The autumn's plow and harrow now are idled,
And rime lies white upon your broken field.*

*Be silent, Heart, in hurt and yearning.
Lie still while frost and root embrace.
Let no song mar your darkling sojourn there,
No velvet gift, nor crown of bridal lace.
Seek patience, Heart, in travail trusting.
The winds of spring someday will gently blow.
The seeds of love are not too deep for greening,
But must go down to winter's earth to know.*

*Wake singing, Heart, at last in May rejoicing.
Like winter wheat you've earned your gift in
grief.
Rise up serene in love and exaltation,
Now wiser, nourished, richer far in seed and
sheaf.*

— Harold Corbin
(from *Counting: II, Ten Poems*)

FROM PETERBORO PASS

*Mount Greylock in its wreath of cloud
Rutilant in the sun's decline,
Banded, grey-brown below, in shadow,
Treetops heavy with frost, above,
The division delineated in spruce,
While to the west the Taconic slopes,
An unbroken sweep, softly bright.
The mountains tell us the earth's weight,
Massily raised to stun
Our sense of estimation.*

— David P. McAllester



FIGHT

*I pull my dog off the other
straining*

*His wounds will show up later
as the fighting pride wears off
He will limp, whine,
flop down and lick at one place
a long time*

*Like a dog, see
not like me*

— Peter Murkett

SNOW IMAGE

*In winter, when I make the fire,
The smoke sighs down the stack,
And cries sometimes, and makes a sound
Like: "Oh, if she were back."*

*Dejected, then, I look outside
To sculptures in the snow,
Against a fallen fence she leans
And makes me feel my woe.*

*She tells the pain of others, too,
Of city folk, so tired,
Of poor folk, on a snowy night,
Like puppets who are wired.*

*The wind blows — now her skirt is gone,
And now her precious head
All wound about with white chiffon,
It swoops — oh, was she dead?*

*I do not know what causes this...
This sadness of my land...
Unless because I miss so much
The touch of her dear hand.*

—Sue Moody

WHO'S WHO IN MONTEREY

Bill Bohn

SUSAN McALLESTER



Bill Bohn was born in New York City and grew up there and on Long Island. About 1925, his family rented a cottage on Lake Buel, and they all liked the Berkshires so much that his mother and aunt began scouting around to find a summer place of their own here. They were able to buy the Withington cottage on Bidwell Point at the east end of Lake Garfield in 1932. Mrs. Bohn regularly stayed all summer, and the rest of the family was here on weekends and vacations.

Bill remembers walking barefoot into town to get milk at Delmore Tryon's dairy, up Tyringham Road from the church. Route 23 was a dirt road in those days. He learned the secrets of Lake Garfield: like a Maine guide, he would take a visitor to just the right place for large mouth bass, perch, small mouth bass or bullheads.

By high school days, Bill was a promising athlete in basketball, baseball and football. He was offered an athletic scholarship at the University of New Hampshire, but "my family were all engineers and wanted me to go to Purdue, so I went. You did what your family told you to in those days. I really wanted to go to Dartmouth and study law. My mother's father was in charge of Henry Ford's legal staff, and I was fascinated by his stories. And now, strange thing, I have a granddaughter who wanted to go to Dartmouth and study law!"

Bill's field at Purdue was mechanical engineering, and when he graduated, he started at the bottom on the assembly line in a company that produced oil burners. On the side, he played semi-professional

basketball, baseball and football, "but eventually I decided it was time to quit when a young giant who had knocked me down — repeatedly — helped me back to me feet and said, 'I'm sorry, sir!'"

Soon after college, he also met Jane, through the good offices of his dentist. Finding that Bill had no steady girlfriend, the dentist arranged several of Bill's appointments so that he kept meeting another patient, a very attractive high school girl. By the time she graduated, Bill had moved from his \$12.50 a week job on the assembly line to a \$25 a week job servicing oil burners. Bill and Jane thought it was enough to get married on. "We lived on lamb patties and swordfish at eighteen cents a pound. In those days, swordfish wasn't as fashionable as it is now."

But things got easier over the next fifteen years as Bill moved up the chain of command to become part owner and executive vice president of the company. Now he was looking for bigger challenges and he moved to a company that became part of Tenneco. Bill was the Eastern operations manager, designing and installing pipelines and storage facilities and buying subsidiary businesses. He found that he had a knack for management, especially for helping a floundering business get back on its feet. But he didn't like the politics of really big business, so he left Tenneco. He made several small businesses into highly successful ventures, selling out his interests when they got too big for comfort.

Bill retired at 55, and he and Jane did the classic thing: They bought a condominium near a golf course and went from golf to bridge to tennis for several years. Anyone who knows them could predict that they would be back in the real world before long. They soon had a call: Bill, Jr. was running several companies at once in Cincinnati and needed help in the recession of the 1980s. They emerged with Jane running a retail business and Bill as co-owner of DesignMark. "It's exciting and not hard to run a business. Just be sure of three things: Have a product people need, hire good people, and be sure management knows what it's doing. That last does get difficult as the business grows, becoming more complex; as boss, one gets insulated from the troops."

In their busy life, the Bohns have met notable people far and wide. During World War II, Bill spotted some questionable procedures at an army base where he was working. When his protests got nowhere at the base, he wrote to President Roosevelt. Some naval intelligence officers appeared to get more details, and then Bill was summoned to a long interview with Vice-President Harry Truman. "The upshot was the seven

people went to jail and the mess was cleared up." Truman asked Bill to investigate a mayoral scandal in Boston, with similar results.

The Bohns had bought another of the fabled Dick Bidwell's houses on Bidwell Road in Monterey in 1965, and by 1989, it began to look more and more like home. That year, Bill and Jane sold their respective business interests and moved here to stay. Naturally, they got involved in the town and the region. Bill is currently a Selectman (and member of the Board of Health), town procurement officer and member of the cable TV advisory committee. Jane is an assistant registrar of voters, takes a special interest in the library, and dispenses dump stickers, a job she loves because she gets to meet everybody. She is also Vice Regent of the First Resistance Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Great Barrington.

The town is lucky to enjoy the business acumen, the energy and the outgoing good humor of the Bohns of Bidwell Road.

— David P. McAllester



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ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Montana to California

Seventeen miles outside Billings, Montana, my camper blew! I managed to coast to the edge of I-90. I combed my hair, put on lipstick, then went outside and raised my thumb. For a long time, nobody stopped. Finally, a big motor home pulled over. I gave the driver my AAA number, and he promised to call from the first phone. An hour and a half passed. I walked the dogs. I read. It was almost night when the tow truck arrived.

I spent the next five days outside a Billings garage. A blown head gasket and a broken piston call for a whole new motor. I biked to the local K-Mart and made a whole new set of friends at a bar called the Jailhouse.

When the camper was fixed, I traveled to Butte, where I lived for the first eighteen years of my life. As the miles passed, I began to feel proprietary. My grandfather Waite homesteaded here, became a Senator, named his daughter (my mother) after the Judith River and the Judith Mountains (named by Lewis and Clark for a girlfriend).

In five days, I saw my cousin, and all the lifelong friends I could fit in. I stayed with a lovely girl who had lived with, and worked for, my family for eight years. We talked all night. She knows more about my family than I do. We planned next year's high school reunion. I'll come early and help, and see all the places and friends I couldn't see this time. I did visit my old house, sold by my father to friends. They're still there. I walked from room to room, envisioning Joannie sliding down the bannister and "spooning" with Jack on the couch, while mother's voice came down from upstairs, "it's getting late."

But I was due in California. So I left Butte, once a great gold and copper mining town. Now the mining company is gone and not much is left, except for the friendliest people in the entire world!

I left early in the morning. The dogs' water was frozen. Headed south to Dillon, over Moose and Grasshopper Creeks, over Beaverhead and Red Rock Rivers, rolling grass fields everywhere.

Into Idaho: I am alone here. No other cars, no people, nothing. I saw only one lonely group of sheep. Plains now. Everything is fenced. Why? I see something growing, more and more fields. Of course — Idaho potatoes! The trees changing colors on distant hills look like red and orange flowers. Over Devil's Creek. Small, wild sunflowers all over now. Always, mountains in the distance. I stayed in a park in Idaho

Falls. The main street was full of hanging flower baskets.

Welcome to Utah! Through Ogden. (I remember changing trains here on my way to Stanford University in California.) Into Salt Lake City. I was taken out to a Greek lunch by Steve, a friend of my son.

Going west now. Nothing but salt: salt water, salt sand. Nothing grows here, not even sagebrush. Desolation. Salt sand sparkles in the sun.

After endless miles, I saw mountains in the distance. When I reached them, I was in Nevada. I spent the night in the town of Wells. The manager of the campground called one of the gambling casinos. They sent a van to pick me up for a free dinner and, of course, "gaming," if I wanted. They took me home, and when I opened my door, the Siamese cat Mio jumped out. I hunted for an hour before going to bed. Early in the morning I found her, way up in a tree. The manager suggested shooting cold water from a hose to make her come down. Instead, it made her go higher. The police brought men who work on the town wires. They placed a ladder on top of my camper, and at last put the cold, wet kitty into my arms.

I got on my way late that day, and spent the night in Winnemucca, only half way to Reno. Casinos galore, filled with people bent on gambling all day and all night.

The next day I was in the saddle for eighteen hours. Hot in the Nevada desert. Big trucks, some pulling two trailers, going 80 or 90 MPH. I piddled away at 70. No AM. No FM. So I listened to my tapes. Into Reno — like driving through New York City. Over Donner Summit (3000 feet). After crossing the mountains, I saw tall pine trees, lakes. I went down, down into the Sacramento Valley of California, into the terrible smog, in which I was going to live for the next month.

— Joan Reed



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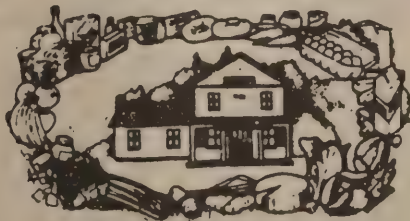
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GRACE A. ZERRA

Mrs. Grace A. Zerra, 79, formerly of Hupi Road, died December 2 at Berkshire Medical Center in Pittsfield. She moved from Monterey two years ago, first living in Forest Row in Great Barrington and then at Berkshire Alpine Rest Home in Lee.

She was born in Washington, D.C. on January 12, 1912, daughter of James and Valerie Remillard Brady, and moved to Agawam with her family when she was a child. She graduated from Agawam High School, where she played the cello, and the former Springfield Hospital School of Nursing.

A registered nurse, Mrs. Zerra was employed by the former Springfield Hospital for several years prior to enlisting in the Army Nurse Corps during World War II. She served in both North Africa and Italy.

She was a former member of the Agawam Junior Women's Club and a former member and past officer of the Springfield chapter of the Theosophical Society. She was a direct distributor of Amway products for several years.

In 1980, she moved to Monterey, where she was part owner of the Monterey General Store for several years.

Mrs. Zerra was a member of the Monterey Congregational Church and studied to be a healing practitioner at the Center of the Light in New Marlboro. She was also a member of the Church of Christ Consciousness in New Marlboro.

She married her husband, Jerry L. Zerra, on November 30, 1943, in Naples, Italy, where they both were stationed during the war. He died in 1979.

She leaves a son, Paul Zerra of Lee; a daughter, Valerie Zerra of Great Barrington; a brother, Robert Brady of Riviera Beach, Florida; a sister, Mrs. Margaret Williams of Twenty-Nine Palms, California; and three grandchildren.

Memorial contributions may be made to the charity of the donor's choice through Finnerty & Stevens Funeral Home in Great Barrington.



RICHARD DYER-BENNET

Richard Dyer-Bennet, 78, of Blue Hill Road, died December 14 of cancer. He was known worldwide as a singer, guitarist, composer, poet, translator and teacher.

He was born in Leicester, England on October 6, 1913, son of Richard Stewart Dyer-Bennet, a British army officer, and Miriam Clapp, the daughter of a classics professor at the University of California at Berkeley. He grew up in British Columbia, Canada and Berkeley.

Mr. Dyer-Bennet began his musical education with his maternal grandmother, a pianist. He had a good soprano voice as a youth, and in high school, taught himself the guitar.

During his sophomore year at the University of California at Berkeley, he was discovered by voice teacher Gertrude Wheeler. She told him he could have a career like the Swedish minstrel Sven Scholander and began training his voice. Mr. Dyer-Bennet began taking daily voice lessons, and traveled to Sweden to meet Scholander. On his way home, he stopped in Wales, where he performed for coal miners in their union halls. Encouraged by their response, he quit college before his senior year and began to sing for a variety of audiences.

Mr. Dyer-Bennet moved to New York, where he performed at Town Hall, the Village Vanguard and other clubs. During World War II, he wrote propaganda songs for the Allied cause and toured field hospitals in the Pacific theater, singing for wounded soldiers.

In 1945, impresario Sol Hurok heard him at Carnegie Hall and offered him a management contract. For the next twenty-five years, Mr. Dyer-Bennet toured the world, singing his songs.

He recorded for a number of different labels before starting his own recording company, partly because he wanted greater control of his work in the studio and partly because he preferred to write his own liner notes.

In the early 1950s, he and his young family moved to the Berkshires, settling in 1953 in a modern house, equipped with recording studio, off Blue Hill Road.

He taught at the New School for Social Research in New York, the University of Vermont and the State University of New York at Stonybrook. He often gave

concerts to benefit Democratic presidential candidates, including Adlai Stevenson in 1952 and Eugene McCarthy in 1968.

The great project of the last two decades of Mr. Dyer-Bennet's life was a rendition in song of Homer's *Odyssey*, which he accompanied on a custom-made lyre. The project was unfinished at the time of his death.

He leaves his wife, the former Melvene Ipcar; four daughters, Brooke and Bonnie of Monterey, Ellen Wood of Richmond, Virginia and Eunice Davis of Davies, Florida; a brother, John of Northfield, Minnesota; a sister, Miriam May of Toronto; and a grandson.



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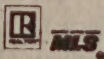
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PERSONAL NOTES

Congratulations to **Douglas Brown** and **Katrina Scapin**, who became engaged on October 30. Douglas is the son of **Maryellen Brown** of Hupi Road, and Katrina hails from Lee.

And congratulations to **John** and **Ann Pedersen Gazdik**, whose son, **Jan David**, was born December 16, weighing in at 8 lbs, 2 oz. Jan joins a helpful big sister, four-year-old **Catherine** at home. The Gazdiks are now living in Schenectady, New York, where John is employed by GE. Proud grandparents are **Alf** and **Lena Pedersen** of Main Road.

Bravo! to **Richard Tryon**, who was elected president of the Massachusetts Farm Bureau at its annual meeting at Falmouth in November. A forty-year member, Dick has served as second and first vice president for the last twelve years. Dick is retired from dairy farming, but Lowland Farm, with Dick and son **Roger** at the helm, produces hay, raspberries, blackberries, maple syrup, compost and Christmas trees.

Our very best wishes to **Gerry** and **Marge McMahon**, who will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary on February 7. They have plans to celebrate in style with a trip to Paris. Bon Voyage!

Once again, Monterey students have distinguished themselves, being named to the honor roll at area schools for the first quarter. On the honor roll at Mt. Everett Regional School: in Grade 12, **Jill Amstead** and **Kenneth Pratt** made Honors; in Grade 11, **Christopher Burkhart** and **Allison Delmolino** made Honors; in Grade 10, **Gabe Small** and **Bruce Snow** made Honors; in Grade 9, **Erin Piretti** made High Honors; in Grade 8, **Vanessa Halley** and **Kevin Ohman** made Honors; in Grade 7, **Shaylan Burkhart**, **Morgan Clawson** and **William Conklin** made High Honors, and **Jared Thomson** made Honors.

On the honor roll at Monument Mountain Regional High School: in Grade 11, **Marta Makuc** made High Honors; in Grade 10, **Meghan Sadlowski** made High Honors, and **Erin Sadlowski** made Honors; in Grade 9, **Paul Makuc** made High Honors, and **Joshua Aerie** made Honors.

And on the honor roll at Berkshire Country Day School: in Grade 8, **Morgan Schick** made Honors. Fine work! Hats off to all of you!

Kudos to **Michael Ohman**, member of the Mt. Everett boys varsity soccer team, who was presented the Most Improved Award at the fall sports banquet.

Mike is a junior at Mt. Everett.

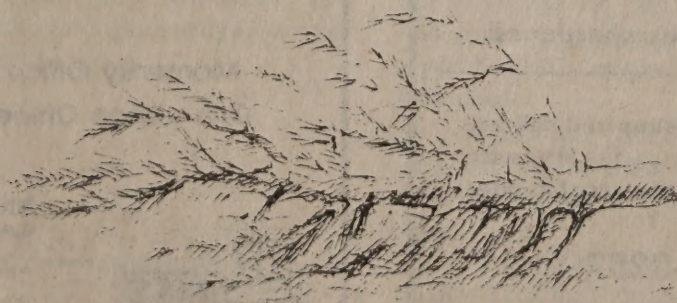
Congratulations to **Natasha Grotz**, who was invited as a member of the U.S. Ski Team Training Group to compete in two downhill and two super giant slaloms at Big Mountain in Montana's Glacier National Park during December. Natasha, who was recently named to the New Hampshire State Team, was described as follows in the 1992 Dartmouth Ski Team brochure: "One of the top speed event skiers in the country in her age group who should be a dominant freshman on the college circuit this season."

Very Happy Birthday wishes to **Don Welsch** on January 3, to **Joshua Eugene Gardner** on January 4, to **Spencer O'Connell Pope** on January 9, to **Cindy Hebert Lloyd** on January 10, to **Jim Deloy** on January 11, to **Julian Mendel** on January 13, to **Bridget Mendel** on January 15, to **Gabe Small** on January 24, and to **Andrew Thomas Gardner** on January 27. And a very Happy Anniversary wish to **Don** and **Carol Welsch** on January 5.

Any news or notes? Birthdays? Any little tidbits you'd like to share? Please jot them down and drop them in the mail to me, just Route 23, or give me a call at 528-4519. I truly appreciate your contributions.

Wishing everyone a warm and wonderful holiday season and a healthy and joyful 1992.

— Stephanie Grotz



CONTRIBUTIONS

Our thanks to the following people for their contributions during the past month:

Miriam F. Rosengart
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CALENDAR

Tuesday, January 7—Prayer Breakfast at the home of Alice O. Howell and Walter Andersen. 7:00 a.m.

Wednesday, January 8—Community Dinner. 6:30 p.m. in the church basement.

Saturday, January 11—Christmas tree burning, sponsored by the Monterey Board of Selectmen. 4:00-6:00 p.m. in Greene Park.

Saturday, January 11—SQUARE AND CONTRA DANCE, New England style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. 8:30-11:30 p.m. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Adults \$4, children \$1 to dance until intermission. Information: 528-9385.

Wednesday, January 15—Monterey Round Table meeting at the home of Alice O. Howell and Walter Andersen. For more information, call Judy Bach at 528-9636.

Thursday, January 16—Friends of Silence meditation at the home of Alice O. Howell and Walter Andersen. 7:30 a.m.

Tuesday, January 21—Free Blood Pressure Clinic. 9:00-10:30 a.m., downstairs at the town hall.

Thursday, January 23—Meeting of the School Committee of the Southern Berkshire Regional School District. 7:30 p.m. at the Monterey School. Interested citizens are invited to express their views on the 1992-93 school budget, the new school building project, or any other relevant items. Normal School Committee business will follow.

Saturday, January 25—SQUARE AND CONTRA DANCE. New England style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. 8:30-11:30 p.m. This program is for people who have some square or contra dance experience. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Admission \$4. Information: 528-9385.



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We invite your submissions of news items, opinions, stories, poetry, drawings and photographs. All editorial material should reach the editor by the 15th of the month before publication. For questions about editorial material, call the editor at 528-3128.

Drawings in this issue by David Balch, Laura Chirico, Bob Johnson, Bonner McAllester, Anne O'Connor and Joel Schick

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